

# CLOSER ECONOMIC RELATIONS DESIRED

Between Germany and Austro-Hungary and Conferences Are Being Held.

(Correspondence of the Associated Press.) ZURICH, Switzerland, Dec. 22.—Important conferences between German and Austro-Hungarian politicians and leading representatives of finance and commerce, are now going on in Vienna and Berlin, for the purpose of finding a basis for establishing closer economic relations between the allied empires. Although several meetings have already taken place no definite results have yet been obtained. The industrial and commercial interests of the two countries are so divergent that it is difficult to see how an understanding can be reached which will prove satisfactory to both sides. And so far every conference seems only to have discovered new troubles in the way of reaching an agreement.

Austro-Hungarians fear, that just as at present they are under the domination of Germany in military affairs, so later their financial and economic independence will also be lost before the persistent and powerful monarch of Germany. The whole question is one of the most vital importance for the future welfare of the dual monarchy, and excites far more interest in the business community than the progress of the war.

**Agrarians in Majority.**

Since the Franco-Prussian war Germany has become an industrial state while Austria-Hungary has remained essentially agricultural. With the exception of Bohemia, Moravia and Lower Austria, which includes Vienna, all the other provinces of Austria are purely agricultural, and Hungary is overwhelmingly so. In both parliaments at Vienna and Budapest, the agrarians always possess a large majority.

Nevertheless both politically and militarily, a closer union between Germany and Austria is generally re-

garded as an absolute necessity, and will doubtless continue to be so long after the war is ended. But the problem as to how this is to be brought about is exceedingly complex.

By high protective duties Austria has long maintained an economic existence, independent of Germany, and indeed even opposed to German interests. In Austria everything is much dearer than in Germany, from twenty to even fifty per cent. The difference in prices is especially great in heavy wares, such as coal, iron, steel and machinery. It is only through these protective duties that Austria has managed to develop a growing industry, and prevent the country from being flooded with cheap German products.

For some years Austria has almost monopolized the trade in the Balkans and the Levant, but latterly German merchants have been creeping in there and capturing customers. This has been the case more than ever since the annexation of Austria-Hungary and Bosnia and Herzegovina in 1909, when both Turkey and Serbia boycotted Austrian goods. The rapidity with which Germany seized the opportunity to enter these markets caused intense irritation in Vienna and Budapest at the time. Nor has this feeling diminished since German trade has steadily grown in southeastern Europe while Austria's has as steadily decreased.

**Heavy Obligations.**

How all these matters will develop after the war nobody can foresee. Undoubtedly Austria-Hungary is placed under heavy obligations to Germany for its military aid in the war. How and in what form will Germany require payment for such service? Probably through preferential customs tariffs, or perhaps by a customs union. In either case it is declared Germany stands to gain all the profit and Austria to suffer all the injury. For then German wares would swamp Austrian competition for the trade in the Balkans and Levant would be hopeless.

Hence it is easy to understand the covert opposition, in nearly all parts of Austria, to Germany's efforts to bring its ally in closer commercial relationship. It is feared that economic dependence will surely follow military. For since the war begun many things have occurred which indicate Hungary under its commercial subjection. Only a short time ago the big banks in Berlin sent circulars to the principal Austrian investors in the first and second Austrian war loans, offering to advance them ninety per cent of the face value of their holdings provided they would use the money for investment in the third loan. The Austrian banks were only advancing seventy-five per cent of the former loans. Such incidents have created much distrust in the Austrian capital, and shown the necessity for exercising the utmost caution before entering into any new kind of economic arrangements with Germany, which may be fraught with the most serious consequences for the future of the dual monarchy.

Shoes have doubled in price in Vienna in the last few months, and this largely through the wearing of the short skirt, which calls for higher

footwear. It is not that raw material is scarce at all; there is plenty of it from ox, calf and goatskins, but tanning materials are hardly obtainable at any price. Most of these came from abroad but their import has been rendered impossible by the war for some time past. With the aid of these Austrian tanners could convert a hide into leather in three weeks; the same process now takes four months. Some of these materials are now costing seven times the ordinary price.

**Shortage of Leather.**

And this has led to a shortage in the supply of shoemaker's leather, which has been further increased by the women's demand for higher shoes, which take much more leather. The consequence is that prices have risen tremendously. Modern shoes of the cheapest material formerly costing \$8 now cost from \$12 to \$16, while for better shoes \$16 and even \$20 are asked. Men's shoes have also gone up in price in the same proportion, although in their case no change in fashion has taken place.

Since a large quantity of tanner's materials has always been obtained from Turkey, it is possible that now, that communications have been reopened with Constantinople, fresh supplies may be obtained.

One of the most difficult of all social problems, the care of the homeless, has been solved in Vienna by the war. The number of these unfortunate persons this winter is far less than in many years. Indeed so great has been the falling off in this class of mendicants that in many districts of the city the buildings erected for their accommodation have been converted into military hospitals, and homes for refugees from the Italian theater of war.

The disappearance of these "homeless" persons in chiefly due to so many of the men having been called to the army, when their wives and families are given relief by placing them often in far better circumstances than when their husbands were in work. Then, too, the younger classes of the "homeless" who were formerly unable to obtain work in the city in the winter,

## IF BACK HURTS USE SALTS FOR KIDNEYS

Eat Less Meat if Kidneys Feel Like Lead or Bladder Bothers.

Most folks forget that the kidneys, like the bowels, get sluggish and clogged and need a flushing occasionally. It is the kidney region, severe headaches, rheumatic twinges, torpid liver, acid stomach, sleeplessness and all sorts of bladder disorders.

You simply must keep your kidneys active and clean, and the moment you feel an ache or pain in the kidney region, get about four ounces of Jad Salts from any good drug store here, take a tablespoonful in a glass of water before breakfast for a few days and your kidneys will then act fine. This famous salt is made from the acid of grapes and lemon juice, combined with lithia, and is harmless to flush clogged kidneys and stimulate them to normal activity. It also neutralizes the acids in the urine so it no longer irritates, thus ending bladder disorders.

Jad Salts is harmless; inexpensive, makes a delightful effervescent lithia-water drink which everybody should take now and then to keep their kidneys clean, thus avoiding serious complications.

A well known local druggist says he sells lots of Jad Salts to folks who believe in overcoming kidney trouble while it is only trouble—Advertisement.

can now get employment easily. The factories are constantly inquiring at the night shelters for workers. Then, too, "homeless" families are much fewer, because the landlords are compelled to show more consideration before ejecting tenants, and the families of reservists are often better able to pay the rent than in normal times.

## WEST VIRGINIA BRIEFS

**PARKERSBURG:** A man supposed to be A. F. Mack, of Chicago, committed suicide in a flat over the Parkersburg Grocery Company's place of business on Third street, by inhaling gas and drinking deadly poison. Myer surrounds his tragic end.

**WAYNE:** Sherman Maynard, of East Lynn, is in a dying condition of knife wounds in the abdomen, and Eustace Ferguson is in jail here awaiting the outcome of his injuries. The two quarreled over a horse.

**FAIRMONT:** Plans are under consideration by Parkersburg, Fairmont and Charleston business men and the management of the Baltimore and Ohio and Coal and Coke railroads whereby passenger trains are to be run into Charleston direct from Fairmont, via Clarksburg and Orlando.

**MORGANTOWN:** Frank B. Trotter, acting president of West Virginia

University and the Monongalia county court are negotiating for the purchase of the county infirmary by the state board of control for use by the university in connection with its agricultural experiment station.

**FAIRMONT:** Walter R. Haggerty, a young Fairmont attorney, has been appointed prosecuting attorney of Marion county by Judge William S. Raymond, of the circuit court to succeed Tusca Morris, who resigned to take a position in the legal department of the Consolidation Coal Company.

**PARKERSBURG:** William F. Goff, of this city, has been adjudged a bankrupt, both as an individual and as doing business under the firm name of the Jeffrey Sales Company. Liabilities are listed at \$9,389 and assets at \$7,320.

**ELKINS:** Fred L. Jones, 21, a lumberman, was instantly killed at Bomis when the rehaul train of a

steam skidder slipped from a stump to which it had been anchored and catapulted him 300 feet down a mountain side. His body was taken to his former home at Stanley, Va.

**PARKERSBURG:** Miss Mildred Kimmell, of Piedmont, who was visiting her sister, Mrs. C. W. Collins, was found dead in bed, heart disease being the cause. She had been in excellent health and the night before was engaged in tying up Christmas packages.

**MORGANTOWN:** Miss Nellie Barnett, state organizer of Women's Gardening Clubs in the interests of agricultural extension, will resign her position, effective January 1, in order to take up similar work in another state.

## FOR YOUR HOLIDAY PATRONAGE THANKS Burke's Drug Store

### The Most Acceptable Gift

Is a 42-Piece Dinner Set \$2.85 and \$4.95 per Set

A Christmas Remainder that will Endure Throughout the Year

Sole Agents for

## Nerv-Worth

For Clarksburg and Vicinity

"Get Your Gifts at BURKE'S And be Sure Of It" Latstetter Building West Pike Street

## QUICK HELP FOR A GROUPLY CHILD SIMPLE-HARMLESS

When your child is grouchy, cross, feverish, full of cold, restless and irritable, try this:

Get a small tube of NOSTRIOLA of your druggist, apply to nostrils and on chest and throat—also under arm-pits and on soles of feet. NOSTRIOLA is absolutely harmless (formula on every package) and this simple common-sense treatment will clear the head, instantly stop that terrible choky, croupy cough and quickly change a half-sick, fretful child into a happy playful one.

The old method of dosing the stomach for colds and croup is strong and harmful. Get a small tube of your druggist today and you'll wish you had tried NOSTRIOLA sooner.—Advertisement.

# MY EXPERIENCES AS A RED CROSS NURSE IN WAR-SWEPT BELGIUM

By EDNA GOODRICH

**EDITOR'S NOTE:**—Edna Goodrich, the author of this interesting article, has long been known as one of the most beautiful women on the American stage. At the outbreak of the war she volunteered for service as a Red Cross nurse, and after a year's devoted service on the battlefields of the continent she has now returned to this country to make her photoplay debut at Paramount theatres in productions of the Lucky Feature Play Company. Her reasons for doing so are unusual. Yet, having read her article, you will be inclined to agree that she was right. "In nurse's uniform I can nurse but few, where in the film I can help thousands to forget," she says.

It is now two months since I last saw through tearful, unhappy eyes throbbing and war-swept Europe. Through the haze of early morning my last vision of that land of strife and woe will remain a clear picture—never to be forgotten.

Moments in life when we are experiencing the biggest emotions frequently are made indelible in our minds by reason of the tiny incidents recorded in memory. As I turned from the steamship rail, when the little strip of land they call England disappeared from view on the horizon, I noticed beside me a woman wearing a life-preserver and standing close to a lifeboat, which swung unconcernedly on its davits.

So, when I think of Europe passing from view, I think also of the little stout person at my side who, with some reason, no doubt, still maintained a certain sense of fear while we steamed swiftly through the submarine "war-zone" on our way back to America.

Now, I am writing on a mission desk in a little cabin in the mountains of southern California. It is autumn on the hillsides. The mountains and foothills are covered with vari-colored foliage. What a contrast! Here I see crimson as nature paints with it; far away in unhappy Europe I saw it as man recklessly flaunts it. It is too big, too wonderful for the human mind to grasp. And yet, I should say, my life in the past year in Europe and in peaceful America has provided experiences probably all that other American women have had. As a nurse in the field hospitals I did all that I could to relieve the suffering around me. But I was only one. My efforts were so small in effect. I was but a speck on the horizon of the world. Then one night I saw a wonderful thing. A motion picture show was given at the hospital where I was at

work. For the time being the wounded forgot their hurts and the well forgot the terrors of the raging conflict. They thought only of the drama on the screen before them. It was amazing. A long strip of celluloid in a little round tin box nursed a thousand men back to health. Did I then do wrong to desert my post when the chance came to appear before the motion picture camera? I think not. To those soldiers my first photoplay will be shown as soon as it is completed, and I know that in a round tin box I will do more good than ever I could in nurse's uniform.

Shoes have doubled in price in Vienna in the last few months, and this largely through the wearing of the short skirt, which calls for higher footwear. It is not that raw material is scarce at all; there is plenty of it from ox, calf and goatskins, but tanning materials are hardly obtainable at any price. Most of these came from abroad but their import has been rendered impossible by the war for some time past. With the aid of these Austrian tanners could convert a hide into leather in three weeks; the same process now takes four months. Some of these materials are now costing seven times the ordinary price.

**I** WAS in London during those eventful weeks which preceded August 1, 1914. That seems ages ago! What excitement it was as the penny papers screamed the headlines through the streets. "It can't be," some person observed, "that civilized Europe is about to plunge itself into war!" Others said, "The inevitable has come." The latter were right. Then came an interval when the British capital was wild with excitement, and in succession the great countries of Europe plunged themselves into war, so swiftly as to stagger the imagination. Men flew to arms; women, ever calm in

the face of real peril, prepared themselves for the mighty test of courage and strength. I have come to think of war in double image—the men at the front, the women at home. None ever will be able to tell for which the test is greater.

When I think of Europe passing from view, I think also of the little stout person at my side who, with some reason, no doubt, still maintained a certain sense of fear while we steamed swiftly through the submarine "war-zone" on our way back to America. Now, I am writing on a mission desk in a little cabin in the mountains of southern California. It is autumn on the hillsides. The mountains and foothills are covered with vari-colored foliage. What a contrast! Here I see crimson as nature paints with it; far away in unhappy Europe I saw it as man recklessly flaunts it. It is too big, too wonderful for the human mind to grasp. And yet, I should say, my life in the past year in Europe and in peaceful America has provided experiences probably all that other American women have had. As a nurse in the field hospitals I did all that I could to relieve the suffering around me. But I was only one. My efforts were so small in effect. I was but a speck on the horizon of the world. Then one night I saw a wonderful thing. A motion picture show was given at the hospital where I was at

**W**ITH others I became interested in providing relief for Belgian refugees, those poor people driven from their homes for reasons they know not. My duties in these early days were chiefly clerical. Being a professional woman, I was suited to almost any kind of work, and through committees our organization found many homes for the homeless and cared for the ill. It was several months later when the great call for women to nurse at the front rang through England. It seemed, in answer to that call, that many more responded than were needed. But war, like fire, is never satisfied with its

the narrow streets, and it is a little, thin woman in a big thick cloak who is chauffeur, or, one might better say, chauffeuse. She drives fast and faster because it is a matter of life and death. They form one of the Scottish Women's Hospitals—military hospitals



**N**O finer illustration of what women are doing in France today is to be had than if I tell you of a hospital that is half way between the battle line and Paris. Its motor ambulances leave at 6:00 a. m. With others in uniform I was sent to base hospitals on the continent. When all the deeds of men are recorded, woman's place in this mighty struggle of the nations will be writ everywhere. Bullets have killed thousands, and women by careful nursing, quick attention and great fortitude have saved tens of thousands. American women have had their part in this mighty work. Both the American Ambulance Hospital in Paris and the American hospitals in the various French cities in the outlying districts of the French capital have been wonderfully efficient units in the greatest relief organization the world's history ever has seen.

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**T**HIS Hospital is in the midst of a green park, and is "self-contained," as they say. There are six women doctors, besides women surgeons and women at the pharmacy. The nurses wear a little blue cap, and look very comforting—not at all like the traditional costumes of the Dames d'Ecosse, the French say. There is not a man in the hospital except the wounded. Doctors and surgeons, nurses and stretcher bearers, and those women chauffeurs, who go to the clearing hospitals at the front and bring back the wounded—all are women!

the militants. The beds are under great tents in the park, well sheltered and it goes without saying—well aired. The counter-panes are pink—that is the woman of it. When the sun shines, the nurses lift up the tent flaps and let the soldiers' front, and when the rain falls, they close them down. The French wounded are jealous to be cared for in this hospital.

**A** WOUNDED French soldier said to me: "These ladies are ever so much gentler than our military doctors—but they are

also stricter. I can tell you that discipline is serious here. They have shown us they can be good doctors, but they are good military, too." Another said, "Yes, and they won't let you play with your health. If you stay with your feet in the grass when it is damp, they are regular gendarmes, I assure you. They are all real mothers, but they want to have well-behaved children."

ed as to the manner in which the expert surgeons locate bullets that have struck these poor fellows. Ingenious ways of finding bullets and pieces of shrapnel are resorted to by French surgeons, but the aid of powerful electro-magnets, with the Sutton method, of American origin, is becoming universally used.

Another American whose name will be writ large in the medical history of the war is Dr. Kenneth Taylor, who discovered the antidote for gas gangrene. When it was not yet known whether his experiments were successful or not, an unknown American girl—a nurse at the front—incubated herself with the deadly poison, though no one knew of her heroic deed till later. The antidote worked and she was saved, but her act deserves mention as one of the bravest of all time.

**I**N removing bullets by the Sutton method, the wounded man is placed on a table, beneath which is an X-ray machine, and over is placed the tube of light used in the photographing process. The bullet then is shown on the plate, which is placed beneath the patient. The X-ray has demonstrated that, like nearly everything else in France, it is "somewhere near a certain locality." But how deep? The tube then is placed at another angle. The shadows are made to cross and the bullet is again detected. To find how far to probe the surgeon resorts to mathematics and works out his calculations by the simple principles of triangulation.

The surgeon thrusts a hollow, needle-like device into the body, finds the bullet, and puts a piece of slightly barbed piano wire down to hold to the tissue around the bullet. Then the patient is wheeled to the operating room, where the work of removing the bullet is quickly accomplished. I have known of cases where triangulation has been done within five minutes.

It is the bravery of these poor men, however, that wrings anguish from the heart. No complaints, no bitter words against their cause which led them to sacrifice. Shattered limbs, serious flesh wounds, blindness, deafness from the great detonations—but no word of complaint.

Man is a queer creature who quickly adapts himself to conditions. The quickness with which war was grasped meant also that human understanding as quickly war's by-products, and pain and death and suffering and poverty are some of them. And that is why it is so difficult for one who has been in the midst to obtain a perspective. The most horrible things become commonplace, always so to remain.